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A

POEM,

ON

The Lamented DEATH of our Late Gratious Soveraign,

King Charles the II.

Of ever Blessed Memory.

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With a Congratulation to the Happy

SUCCESSION

OF

King James the II.

By Mr. CROWN.

LONDON,

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THE POEM.

OH God! ſome pitty, I am turn'd to Stone,
And yet have Life, give me all Death or none,
Life is thy bounty, that thou mayſt deny;
Death we may claim, it is our right to dye:
Our Father bought the Curſe at vaſt expence,
Though pain and miſery, have improv'd it ſince
From Curſe to Bleſſing, from their Right the Heirs
Shou'd not be kept cauſe better fruit it bears.
Ha! thro' my cold dark frame, a voice does ſpread
To my numb'd Ear, and ſays in *Charles* I'm dead.
I? Three fair Nations fall under the blow,
His Subjects once, his Monuments are now;

Or

Or not ſo well, ſome as they were remain,
Turn Devils to Statues, they advancement gain.
Three Nations? All the World is ſunk ſo low,
The Wiſe do not ſo much as ſcorn it now,
Strength, Courage, Wiſdom, Glory, Wit, and Power,
Had ſome falſe luſtre till this fatal hour.
In *Charles* all joyn'd their force, and now his fall
Has to Eternal ſhame expos'd 'em all.

In him all Elements ſo ſtrongly twind,
The Royal Ship by Nature ſeem'd deſign'd,
To be in time's unbounded Sea obey'd
With the ſame awe he his own Channel ſwey'd,
Make every deſeaſe it's topſail lo're,
To ſhoot unhurt the gulf of every hour;
Sail on, and pay no Cuſtoms to the Grave,
And Death, the King of Terrors boldly brave.

And long he had both Time and Death defied,
If both deſpairing no falſe arts had tryed;
From his own table they in ſecret fed
That Traytor Malady that ſtruck him dead;
Though cautions temperance faithful centry ſtood
At all his Meals, it cou'd not gaurd his bloud.
The Friends of Life he cheriſht, life deſtroy'd,
Oft were his favours to his hurt employ'd,
He Vigour and Digeſtion did maintain,
And they with ſecret Death fill'd every vein.
Under Ingratitude none ſuffered more;
Too oft he rais'd his Enemies to Power.
Health boaſt no more, nor promiſe Life and eaſe,
Your own Guards beat you from your Palaces,
You aſſemble diſhes to ſupport your Crown;
And they too falſely pull your greatneſs down.
Pay Taxes to maintain Inteſtine War,
One faithful Counſellor were better far.

Wit

Wit from his thoughts, as ſuddenly did flye
As Lightning from a Fiery Southern Sky,
When e're Godlike he ſported with mankind,
The ready flaſh attended on his mind.
Scarce in his Royal Ear your words cou'd reſt,
But the Flame met, and melted 'em to jeſt:
Nay through the ſturdy Oak of State affairs
It play'd, and guilded o're the darkeſt Aires.
The World was ſo much leſs then his great Soul,
It only ſerv'd him for his ſporting Fool.
He laugh'd at Fortune, Glory, Pomp and Fame,
And ſcorn'd to hunt after ſuch Childiſh game:
Who toyles for Glory, ſhews his Spirit low,
For Honours only from inferiors flow:
He's ſlave to ſlaves, and labours to be fed,
With vain applauſe, as peaſants do for bread.
Pomp rather ſhews a Monarch weak, then great,
And only puts upon himſelf the cheat,
'Tis baſe-born greatneſs that from Pomp does ſpring,
Forms almoſt baſtardiſe a lawful King.

If

If to his Glory outward forms impart,
Being and Life, 'tis the poor Child of Art.
Charles all his greatneſs in himſelf did place;
He darted ſplendour from his awful face.
His brow a right to Empire did evince,
His every look and motion was a Prince.
No forms e're darkned him; the expanded Sky
Bow'd to all Earth, and ſhone on every eye.
And he had Heavens more bright and high then this
His Royal mind where dwelt Eternal Bliſs.
Now let us leave theſe lower Sphears and ſpring
To brighter Viſions with extended Wing.

NEVER in Men more Godlike Wiſdom ſhone,
So great it was, that God ſeem'd jealous grown,
And from his brain a Rivalſhip to fear,
Therefore he ſtruck that potent Miniſter.

When ſtrange diſtractions did three Kingdoms ſhake,
And God and Man the Lunaticks forſake.

When dire State Conjurers did assault *Whitehall*,
With Spirits wrap'd in sheets they CHARTERS call,
Since living Tumults were against the Law,
The Royal dead out of their Graves they draw,
To scare their Son, that to maintain his Right,
He must the Ghosts of his own Fathers fight.
From all Protection to deprive the Crown,
When not alone the Guards were voted down,
But God was almost sworn out of his Throne,
His Troops of Priests they endeavour'd to Casheire,
His Prophets and Apostles fetter'd were.
Like gally slaves to every swearers tongue,
And made to Row his Perjuries along.
Sold to supply vile Rogues with wretched pence,
And by a Kiss betray'd as was their Prince.
The sacred Bible a black box was made,
Horrid State lies and Villanies to aid.
And all the Crowns of *Brittain*, *Ireland*, *France*,
Were laid at Stake to purchase a Romance.

THEN this GREAT KING his Raving King-
(doms held
In their high rage, and all their fury quell'd.
From ther unruly hands tore dangerous Powers,
Lay'd to deep rest his walking Anceſtours,
Securely fixt the ſhaking Church and Throne,
All by no humane power but his own.

No Men nor Money wou'd Aſſiſtance lend,
Nay it was Treaſon made to be his Friend.
All theſe great things he did at no expence,
But what it coſt his thoughts in wondrous ſence.

God was at all the charge, He gratis gave
That mighty Soul that did three Kindoms ſave;
Beautiful Order from a Chaos brought
By leſs then words, by nothing but a thought.

Some Monarch ſtrong of heart, and weak of brain,
Had hang'd and quarter'd, plundred burnt and ſlain,

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The Gordian knot of Villains to undo,
With them had mangled his whole Kingdom too,
Wise Peaceful *Charles*, ne're drew his Regal Sword
But patiently untyed the tangled Cord;
Streight to his Arms Glory and Empire fell,
Peace to his Kingdoms, all his Foes to Hell.
Oh *Charles*! So truly not a King till now:
Proud Fortune set thy Crown on her own brow,
When first into thy hands she Empire gave,
She made thee *Englands* Monarch but her slave.
Thy Coronation Pomp was hers, not thine;
Then not the King; but Providence did shine.
Now thy revolting powers thy self restor'd,
And at once Crown'd thee, ours and Fortunes Lord.

What more designes in thy vast thoughts did lye
Were only seen by the all-seeing Eye
The boundless prospect stretch'd from ours too far,
But we may guess all good and peaceful were.

A deep pacifique Ocean was thy mind,
Where never tempeſt cou'd a harbour find,
Storms that almoſt unrooted thy fair Iſles,
Cou'd ne're diſperſe thy Life inſpiring ſmiles,
In colds that froze allegiance, duty ſtarv'd,
Charles a continued ſpring of peace preſerv'd,
Eternal blooming favours round him ſpread
Wealth, Honour, Life, on Friends and Foes he ſhed.
He was a Tree of Life that did extend
It's fruit to all, to Death none cou'd offend.
Only the Ruin of the Offence he ſought,
That dyed indeed, it periſh't from his thought,
He lov'd not Men, but folly to deſeat
That enſlav'd Men, he'd have his Subjects great,
And that true greatneſs to a Monarch brings,
Charles rul'd free men, and was a King of Kings.
A King of Kings indeed, all Monarchs round (bound,
Had laws from him, though both his hands were
His powerful Wiſdom all their Kingdoms ſway'd,
And all their Fortune Arms and coin outweigh'd.

His

His wondrous Wiſdom was too great, too bright;
It darkned Heaven and ſcreen'd it from our ſight,
Therefore God ſhaded him, that our weak ſence
Might ſee beyond the King to Providence.
Might ſee our ſelves, for who beheld his mind
And was not proud to be of humane kind?
But who's not humbled, that beholds him now
He does a nature ſhare ſo poor, ſo low?
Man of all creatures the moſt vain and vile,
Who call us worms give us too proud a ſtyle;
Thoſe reptiles are from vanity more free,
Therefore to nothing leſs a kin then we.
Oh *Charles* is gone!
No more, no more, the words too full of Fate,
The word three Kingdoms, will aſſaſſinate.
Sheath it for ever; 'tis for ever ſheath'd
In that great Legacy, Great *Charles* bequeath'd.
And heark, methinks the Trumphets ſound proclaims
The Royal Legacy, 'tis Royal *JAMES*.

Why

Why ſtay I mourning here, as *Charles* were gone?
He lives in Royal *JAMES*, they both were one;
And impious ſorrow both of 'em Blaſphemes,
Charles is twice Crown'd, *England* twice bleſt in *James*,
Both their great Vertues in one boſom joyn;
'Our Sun does now with double Glory ſhine.
Charles was too oft in Clouds, in his mild day
Infernal Spirits durſt too boldly play:
Now they no longer hope a King to ſcare,
But to the Eternal horrors of deſpair,
Hurry in droves, at the firſt ſight of *JAMES*,
Whoſe Sword at th' entrance of our *Eden* flames.
You baniſh'd ſinners hope no more to taſt
Forbidden fruit, 'tis far above you plac'd.
The climbing Serpents, who your faith abus'd,
Crawl on their bellies, and their heads are bruis'd.
Both you and they muſt howle aloof and grin,
And curſe your Fortune, though you love your ſin
HAIL ROYAL JAMES, thou truly high born King,
Thou both from Kings, and miracles doſt ſpring,

Thou

Thou wert in *Charles* to Prodigyes allyed;
Wonders did both of you to Kingdoms guide.
But *Charles* his miracles had some allay,
Man mixt with his, and lead him half the way.
But God alone does in thy Glory shine,
Man oppos'd thee, the work is all divine.
They who refuse thee, the Obedience due,
Wou'd do the same to Gods Commandments too.
One Divine voice did both of you proclaim
Almost with aw and Majesty the same.
Thy Throne does like the thundring burning hill,
Thy proudest Enemies with Terror fill.
Their Golden *Calf* no longer they adore,
Nor dare prophane the holy mountain more.
And from thy self there does a lustre flow
Brighter then ever *England* saw till now.
And now by true *SUCCESSIONS* golden Chain
These Floating Isles for ever fixt remain.

FINIS.